

THE MATED RUBIES OF KYAT PYEN.

By W. C. Morrow.

"In all sorts of rubies those are taken for the male which show a quick red more fire-like than the rest; and contrariwise female, such as shine not so bright, but after a faint manner. In the male it is observed that some seem to flame more clear and pure; others are darker and blacker; there be again that shine brighter than the rest, yea, and in the sun give a more ardent and burning lustre; but the best simply be those which are called amethystines, that is to say, that in the end of their life resemble the blue violet color of the amethyst."
—PLINY.

The sensation of the day in Paris was the caning received by that distinguished Italian, known as "Conte Alberto d'Azeglio." It took place one afternoon before the astonished eyes of a fashionable crowd; and the fact that many of these witnesses had been flattered to entertain the handsome count in their houses added to the sense of the disgrace which overwhelmed him. Equally well known was the chastiser—Mr. Richard Harden, a Scotch gentleman of refinement and wealth. The two men had met in the fashionable circles of the French metropolis, and their friendship had been strong. This disgraceful termination of their intimacy set every idle tongue in vibration and uncovered a distressing scandal. More than that, it invited prying into the history of the dashing Italian. Some of the doubts and mysteries which thus came out for solution were never cleared up, partly, perhaps, by reason of the count's disappearance; for after being released from the beating, he arose from the ground a pitiful object, his clothing torn and soiled, his face badly bruised and cut, and his black hair wet with blood; and then, looking about him, despairingly, like a fox before the hounds, he slipped into a little café, said a few words to the frightened restaurateur, disappeared into a private room, and was never seen again in the circles that had known him.

The first guess at the nature of the matter lying behind the thrashing was made by an acquaintance of Harden's, who saw him on a train that was leaving Paris for Calais the morning after the affair. Harden had with him his little daughter (about two years old), a nurse for the child, and a valet. The acquaintance had heard of the whipping. What particularly attracted his notice was the peculiar expression of Harden's face. He was pale, his eyes were bloodshot, and his features were drawn in a way that indicated great suffering. Next he saw that Harden's beautiful young wife was not with him. Observing that everything indicated a removal from Paris, the acquaintance incautiously exclaimed: "Leaving Paris? But where is Mrs. Harden?"

Harden looked at him steadily a moment before replying: "Yes, I am leaving Paris," he said, and that was all; but the acquaintance felt very uncomfortable, and had a great deal to say when he returned to the city.

Harden himself disappeared, though he was known to have taken the boat for Dover, and he had a charming house in London. This house remained closed week after week and month after month. Harden certainly was in existence somewhere, for he transacted business regularly through his solicitor, who did not feel at liberty to disclose his client's whereabouts. Nothing but pity was felt for the unfortunate gentleman, and nothing but surprise and scorn for his wife; for he assured that the stories about her were told in the clubs and homes of London. The strangest part of it all was the extreme vagueness of these rumors. Still, there could be but one conclusion—the whipping of the Italian and the abandonment of the wife by her husband were sufficient. Her family came very near making trouble for the poor solicitor. They made threatening demands, and were distracted with anxiety. They hinted at murder, and really contemplated the arrest of the poor fellow as accessory, or for concealing the murderer. But he remained firm and beld his tongue. Then they employed detectives and scoured Paris and the whole continent. Some people believed that the detectives solved the whole mystery, but if they did they kept the knowledge to themselves. Certain it is that they suddenly discontinued the search for the woman, and the immediate members of her family withdrew from London and spent two years in St. Petersburg. The report came back that they were mourning during the first year.

As for the Italian, although no one made it a business to seek out his history, queer rumors found currency. The D'Azeglios were known to be an old family in Southern Italy, and it was said that they repudiated "Count Alberto" and denounced him as an impostor. Some tried to explain this on the ground that he had been disgraced, and lacked the manhood to retrieve himself—a thing impossible with a true D'Azeglio. Indeed, his submission to the thrashing was cowardly in the extreme. He was a tall, vigorous young man, fully the equal of Harden in strength and agility; yet without any attempt at resistance, he had submitted to the whipping, even showing the most craven fear during the castigation, begging piteously to be spared.

It was rumored, further, that he was a charlatan of a peculiar order; that he had brought trouble to divers women and wealthy young men by means of some strange power he possessed above the attraction which a singularly handsome person and insinuating manner might exercise. He had some fine jewelry, among the articles being a pair of curiously matched rubies, which he wore set as solitaires in rings. It was observed that although these gems appeared to be set in one ring, placed obliquely, there were really two rings, one stone set in each, and the rings so ingeniously made as to fit nicely together, giving the appearance of one when worn together. At times he was seen to wear but one of these rings. It was said that this or that man or woman was seen with the other. The count, when asked about the other ruby, would always parry the question lightly. Certain highly imaginative persons accredited these rings with an occult power, but thoughtful ones would only smile disdainfully when they heard such talk as that. Still it was somewhat strange that when one of the rings was missing from his hand the one that remained was always the same; and this requires mention of their peculiar color. The one which he always wore, and which under no circumstances would he permit to leave his finger, was of a deep, fiery,

lustrous red, clear and dark, and almost sinister and menacing in the steady glow of its brilliancy. The other was of a very different color, and even more beautiful than its mate. It was a pale rose, tinged with purple, giving a cooler, livelier, and more elastic effect, shining with matchless serenity and purity.

Once a Tuscan lapidary visited Paris, and there he learned of these two gems; for it must be supposed that the owner of two rubies so remarkable in size and color—indeed, their value was almost fabulous, being many times greater than that of the finest diamonds of equal size—was conspicuous on that account alone. Being greatly interested in such matters, he found the count at a fashionable club, engaged with a group of gentlemen in conversation. The lapidary addressed his countryman in Italian, and expressed a desire to see the stones. Two or three of the gentlemen present understood the language, and their account of the interview, given after the episode of the cane, excited a great deal of interest. As reported by them, it went about in the following manner:

The lapidary, after some courteous expressions, said: "... And, accordingly, I should be very much pleased to see the beautiful rubies of which I have heard so much"—at the same time eyeing them eagerly as they glistened on the finger of the owner.

The count looked at him sharply and suspiciously, at the first words thrusting his hand into his pocket and thus concealing the gems.

"May I ask for an explanation of this extraordinary and apparently impudent request from a stranger?" asked the count.

"With pleasure," replied the lapidary, much embarrassed. "I am a lapidary from Tuscany. Hearing of the presence of these two rubies here, I conceived a great desire to see them, meaning no impertinence, but moved solely by love of my art and of fine precious stones."

"Sir," said the count, in an overbearing manner, "I insist that your request is an impertinence, and I trust that you will take yourself hence without delay."

The mortification of the stranger quickly turned into rage; and there, before all present, but still in Italian, he hotly said:

"And I insist that my conduct is not impertinent, but that yours is gross and ungentlemanly." Then his eyes brightened suddenly with the recurrence of something he had almost forgotten. He sprang back, with a look both of surprise and alarm, and exclaimed: "What! are those the famous mated rubies of Kyat Pyen, for which the Sultan of Oman was murdered four years ago?" The lapidary gasped for breath, so great was his excitement, and concurrently the count became very pale and seemingly helpless. "Oho!" exclaimed the lapidary; "the famous mated rubies, which, if separated, will come together again—married, as the old Jew dealer at Bagdad said." Then the lapidary, apparently overwhelmed by his discovery, grew bolder. "And you dare to talk in this way to me? I know you now, sir, and, by God! all Europe shall ring with your true name in twenty-four hours—"

What more the man would have said can hardly be guessed; for, at this juncture, the count, changing his manner abruptly, advanced, with a friendly extended hand and a smile, toward his visitor, and said:

"My dear fellow, you and I ought to be friends. Can you not understand a little pleasantry? Come, and I will tell you all about it." With that he led the astonished lapidary away, whispering to one of the gentlemen as he passed: "You see that the poor fellow is insane; I will quietly hand him over to the authorities." Upon that, the two walked out arm-in-arm. Whatever became of the lapidary no one knows, and the incident was forgotten until the whipping revived it. It seems a pity that this clue was not followed to the end. Whether there ever was such a person as the Sultan of Oman, and whether he was murdered for a pair of rubies, was never clearly learned; and as for the lapidary of Tuscany, it was only the unsupported conjecture of certain other lapidaries that a man found floating in the Seine, with his throat cut, was he.

With regard to the whipping, there is only one other established incident to be recorded. This was furnished by the restaurateur of Paris.

"The Italian swore that he would be revenged upon his antagonist in some terrible manner," he said.

North of the Firth of Clyde, the western coast of Scotland presents a high breast to the beating waves; and where the coast is not sheltered by the Hebrides, the sea at times runs wild and furious, belaboring the rocky rampart with thundering energy. Upon the extremity of one of the numerous headlands stands an ancient stone house in ruins, and, as it is just upon the edge of the cliff, its environment is weird and wild and its aspect bald and greswome. Along up the peninsula, toward the mainland, there is a fair stretch of country, mostly given over to pasturage.

Some years after the incident of Paris, a modest house on the peninsula was occupied by Mr. Richard Harden and his daughter—the latter now an exceedingly pretty girl of eighteen. Established in the house, for her education and protection, were a housekeeper (an elderly woman of discretion) and such servants as were needful. As for her father, he had reappeared upon the busy scenes of life years before, but so changed that his old friends dropped gradually away and new associations were formed. His one great anxiety was on the score of his daughter; he watched and guarded her with a pathetic solicitude that gave evidence of a warped and suspicious mind. This had kept the girl away from the many pleasures of society, and had denied her the safeguard which experience erects. The most of her life had been passed in a convent, and the stray glimpses of gray London which her father had given her brought nothing of sunshine and happiness to her life. She had no girl friends, no male admirers. Her whole life had been hedged about with that infinite care which breeds sentiment and

stifles expansion. Scotch poets and romantic Scotch novelists gave her the only views of life which fell to her narrow inspection. The housekeeper—a kindly woman, refined and educated—was her only constant companion; but this worthy person saw so little of interest in the girl, and found so little companionship with her, that whatever good effect her superior experience might have had was withheld. Upon her silent, saturnine father the daughter lavished all the affection of a really warm, impulsive, and responsive nature; these two loved each other with a touching tenderness. Evelyn found in her father's society that masculine sympathy and companionship which her ardent and romantic nature required. He regarded every man as a villain; all requests of young men to be introduced to this charming girl had been met with a sullen denial. In the summer months he kept her here on this peninsula of the Highlands with his careful coadjutor, the housekeeper, who maintained the watch which his necessary and long absences in London prevented him from keeping. Evelyn hardly knew how other girls lived and amused themselves; after a fashion she was happy and cheerful; but her life was one of dreams, and it is in such dreams that danger lurks. What Harden's plans for her were he never made known; he appeared content to keep her a prisoner, so long as she was innocent and out of the way of harm. It was surmised that much of her father's policy was explainable on the ground of his wife's disgrace; for Evelyn had never heard that distressing story, and it was carefully withheld from her knowledge.

It became known to the peasant population of the peninsula that the old house on the bluff, some two miles from Harden's country home, was to have a tenant. At that time the house was not so far gone into decay but that it had sound places of considerable importance. Skilled mechanics from Edinburgh swarmed over the premises, patching here, building up there, restoring and reviving house and grounds, and fitting the place for the habitation of a person of means and taste; but they could give no definite information concerning him; they knew only that his agent had employed them, and they had heard that the incoming tenant was a Persian gentleman of great wealth. When the place had been put in order and luxuriously furnished, the stranger appeared.

By this time there had developed a lively curiosity concerning him. As all his servants were Scotch, none knew his history; but it was learned through them that he was a singularly handsome man, whose age it was difficult to guess. His hair was nearly white, and there were sharp lines in a face otherwise singularly young and fresh. His manner, though easy and graceful, was cold, and his servants were held at a great distance. A peculiar circumstance was that he always wore a glove on his left hand, never removing it in the presence of any one. From this it was surmised that the member was artificial. Two or three scars showed in his hair and extended down upon his face.

Having settled himself comfortably, the stranger, who gave it out that his name was Hosain al-Ghazali, and who had a comfortable knowledge of the English language, began to bestir himself in the interest of his poor neighbors, and this he did with so good address that he soon became very popular throughout that end of the country. Evelyn's curiosity about the great man had reached extensive bounds, for he was the only wealthy, cultured, and distinguished gentleman, her father excepted, in all that corner of Scotland. She at last saw him, and under the following circumstances:

One day, she and the housekeeper were driving along a narrow road cut in the side of a steep hill, when the horses became frightened and dragged the vehicle over the grade. The ladies were thrown out and somewhat hurt among the stones and brambles. At this juncture, the Persian (it is convenient to write of him thus) drove up and instantly went to their assistance. Without calling for the aid of his coachman, he straightened out the difficulty which the ladies had encountered, all with exquisite tact, good judgment, and a conspicuously gentle and high-bred manner. During this time, Evelyn, whose heart had bounded with excitement when first the sharp light of his glance had fallen upon her, felt that his eyes were following her every movement, and that his every act and word were intended for her comfort. She had never seen so handsome a man, and she had never before experienced the deep admiration of such a man's glance. Realizing that he must have been as old as her father, she felt that he was infinitely removed from her by the possession of qualities to which her father was a stranger and which she did not try to analyze. In words which on the surface expressed polite and meaningless admiration of her beauty, she heard a distant melody that confused and embarrassed her. The incident passed quickly away. There were no formalities, no introductions, no invitations—only thanks and a hurried and silent drive homeward.

A few days afterward, Evelyn, while taking her customary morning walk along a path through the shrubbery, saw a brilliant jewel glistening at her feet in the broad sunlight. She picked it up, and found that it was a ruby set in a ring. Not knowing its great value, she nevertheless was entranced with its beauty. She had seen rubies, but never one with the pale, purplish rose-color of the one she now held in her hand. She took it hastily to the housekeeper, who, being an experienced woman, instantly saw that the gem was of the finest order. The two women engaged in endless speculation in trying to account for the presence of the gem in the garden. It may have lain in the gravel for years, left by a former tenant, and then accidentally uncovered. All possible steps were taken to discover the owner of the gem, including the sending of a note to the Persian; but neither he nor any one else could give any information about it. Evelyn was much excited over the circumstance, and mentioned it in a letter to her father.

If the housekeeper had ever heard of the famed mated rubies of Kyat Pyen, she had forgotten the fact, and she had been kept in ignorance of the early history of Harden's household. What effect Evelyn's letter had upon her father, after she had already written him of the rich Persian and the accident of the road, may be set forth later herein.

Unable to discover an owner for the ruby, Evelyn tried on the ring, and easily found a finger that it fitted. From that time forth (indeed, the beginning may have been earlier), strange and disturbing emotions beset her. It is impossible to describe the character and force of an unsophisticated sentiment under the circumstances which environed her. It appears almost idle to mention the delight that she experienced while admiring the matchless beauty of the gem as it reposed on her finger; thus far there is to consider only the commonplace aspect of a woman's vanity. But beyond that were feelings stronger than those which ordinarily prove most dangerous to girls. That maidenly sweetness which is most alluring is never found in company with wisdom—for wisdom and guile are hardly to be thought of apart. It were foreign to the discussion to say that the purer the innocence the greater the crime of its betrayal and the easier its accomplishment. If any should find an unhappy condition in that assertion, I shall be pleased to say more upon the subject privately to such inquirers as are blind to the fact that the highest purity and the lowest depravity are generally yoke-fellows; and, besides that, my fiddle, dumb, as all fiddles and other agreeable things are when called upon for a sermon, is eager to sing the song of this story; and there is no story of human temptation and suffering that is lacking in melody.

Evelyn could not have analyzed her feelings. The picture of the Persian—a handsome, polished, debonaire man of years and discretion; a man to whom an innocent maiden, awakening to new and startling emotions, might pour out her heart; a gentleman refined to the tips of his fingers, chivalrous, brave, generous, of an age at which a man, if he be handsome, may become the idol of a world-ignorant girl; besides that, a Persian, and not a commonplace Englishman or a slow-moving Scotchman—the picture of this fascinating man, with eyes of unfathomable liquid depths, dwelling with caressing deference upon every line of her spring-time beauty, took up its abode in the inmost soul of the girl. How lonely must be his life, with no woman of his rank to serve him as friend and companion, no daughter to caress and worship him!

Uncontrollable unrest filled with wretchedness every hour of Evelyn's life. A longing that no rebuke could suppress drove sleep from her eyes and quiet from her spirit. A few days passed in this unhappy way; and then, late one afternoon, Evelyn, violating all precedent in her conduct, slipped away from home, hurriedly crossed a range of rugged hills that separated the estuary from the house, and soon, a mile from shelter, found herself facing a raging sea. The western sky was black with threats of an impending storm, and a yellow sun, changing to crimson, sank behind ink clouds. Heralding the storm ran a gale, which, smiting the sea, hurled it madly upon the black rocks at the foot of the cliff, swept it over them in a mad tumult of white foam, and hurled it against the rampart at her feet. Great clouds of shivering spray swept up the breast of the headland and curled back upon the thundering waves beneath. Evelyn faced the hurricane, and drank in its storm-scented odors. She looked lovingly at the ruby on her finger, and shuddered to see its cold violet color. Unnerved perhaps by the roaring of the sea, intoxicated possibly by the sweet freshness of the wind—at all events, filled with wild emotions which she could not understand—she forced a way against the gale and headed for the extremity of the headland, which lay toward the ebon west. The great, black clouds swept onward to meet her, and no force of wind, though it tore her hair from its fastenings and stripped her head of its covering, could deter the swiftness of her flight. Whither was she bound? She could not have said. A pale, handsome face, the liquid depths of eyes that gazed upon her longingly, a consciousness of the loneliness of one into whose dreary life she might bring the light of human sympathy, shone clearly in the west between her vision and the blackness of the storm. This light guided her footsteps; and soon it took the tangible shape of illuminated windows in gray walls that looked ghostly against the background of the clouds; for an early night had come on the wings of the storm.

The turmoil of her feelings permitted of no reflection; the inherited shrinking of Anglo-Saxon maidenhood had lost its hold upon her. The lighted windows invited protection against darkness and the oncoming storm; and behind them sat manly chivalry enthroned, embodied in one who would lay down his life to shield her. She had won the contest with the wind, but the tumult of the sea had an echo in her soul. Upon one of the furthestmost western cliffs of Scotland, she stood, gazing out upon the boiling sea, while the warm light from windows near at hand streamed across the lawn and danced grotesquely beyond the wind-whipped trees. With palpitating heart and stifled breath she gazed at the great oaken doors before her. Then a moving light in an upper window fell upon her, and a flash before her drew her glance to the ruby. The light remained fixed upon her, and the ruby continued to blaze. No longer was the color a cold, dead violet; no longer had it that sinister deadness which the setting of the sun and the roaring of the sea had imparted; for now it was warm and gentle, infinitely soft, beautiful, and alluring. She gazed at the ruby and then at the oaken door, and then—

"My dear young lady, come at once into the house, for the storm has broken upon you."

The velvety softness of that greeting, the warm grasp of the hand upon hers, the eyes of liquid brilliancy that gazed down into hers, had no kinship with the storm; which, indeed, unheeded by her, had burst in fury upon her, wetting her flying hair. He took her hand firmly in his, and bore her toward the house—that was the sweetness of slavery. He threw open the door and led her within. Not another soul was visible. Silently he led her up the stairs. She tottered somewhat, but he held her safely, ushered her into a great, strange room dimly lighted, quickly made a fire in the broad hearth, drew up a chair, and seated her before the blaze. She was very pale, and more beautiful than ever in her life before. She looked at him somewhat wildly and fearfully as he busied himself to make her comfortable; then

she arose in alarm, stammering a protest, thanks, and an apology, and started for the door.

"It is impossible for you to go home now, Miss Harden. Listen to the storm."

It did not require his warning to heed the tempest. The gray house stood on the very edge of the cliff, and far below the breakers roared, and a blinding rain, mingled with spray, dashed against the panes.

"You must stay here until the storm subsides, and, meanwhile, I will send a messenger at once to inform your household that you are safe."

It was very sweet music to her ears, and somehow it seemed to belong to the storm and the ruby.

"It is the greatest pleasure of my life," added the Persian (known in the neighborhood as Hosain al-Ghazali), "to be able to render assistance even so slight as this to the most beautiful woman of Europe."

He led her back to the chair and retired. He soon returned, bringing dry clothing, and also wine and biscuits. He offered her a glass of the wine with so persuasive grace that she could not resist, and so she drank it. Then he begged her to change her gown for the dry one which he had provided, and was about to take a courteous leave of her when a dramatic thing occurred.

As he handed her the garment, she noticed a brilliant blood-red ruby on his left hand—the hand that she, the first in Scotland, had seen unglowed. He saw the start that swept over her, and noted the quick flush that flamed into her pale face and the heightened gleam that illuminated her eyes. He tossed the garment aside, and, with a smile, advanced. He took her willing left hand in his, caressed it, and gazed admiringly upon the beautiful ruby that she wore.

"And so you saw my ruby? You, too, have a very beautiful one. Is this the one you thought I might have lost?"

"Yes," she stammered; "and it is so very like yours, except in color."

He smiled and pressed her hand. "So very like!" he softly agreed. He held his hand against hers, that the likeness might be the more apparent. "How well mated they are!" he said; "and the setting—it is identical with that of mine. This is more than strange—it is destiny!" He drew her closer toward him. He stooped, and she felt his warm breath upon her cheek. "It is destiny," he whispered; "and the ruby and the storm have brought me this unspeakable happiness."

Instinct took the form of impulse. She drew away from him and gazed at him in white terror. The rich oriental hangings of the dim room pressed heavily upon her sensibilities. She longed for more light. Though the room was large, she yearned for one as wide as the continent; and she would have felt it a blessing if the storm would drive the windows from their fastenings and fill the room with its fury. Her breath came heavily; her chest was bursting with the violence of her heart-throbs.

Her gaze was fixed upon the blood-red ruby which the Persian wore. "The ruby!" she gasped; "let me have it in my hand."

He slipped it from his finger and handed it to her. She took it, trembling in every nerve. "It is beautiful," she said. She placed it on her finger with the other. All consciousness of the presence of the Persian seemed to pass instantly from her. "How beautiful they are! Why, the two rings fit as one! They are beautiful!" Then she pulled them both from her finger and looked around in a bewildered manner.

The Persian, with a faint look of anxiety, advanced toward her, but with a suddenly conceived alarm that seemed much like horror, she hacked away from him.

"Give me my ruby," he pleaded, making an attempt to seize the hand in which she held them; but she adroitly eluded him. A shade of anger fell upon his face and his bearing took on an aspect of threatening. She continued to retreat, regarding him with a peculiar kind of fear that filled him with dismay. She looked hurriedly about, like a bird caught in a trap; and then, with a swift desperation that his vigilance failed to arrest, she sprang to one of the windows, threw it open, and, with all her strength, sent the fatal rubies flying out into the storm, far down the cliff, and into the boiling sea at its base.

Possibly it was the furious thundering of the waves and the hoarse roaring of the wind, aided by the terrible excitement of the moment, that made them both unconscious of the entrance of an intruder, who happened to be Mr. Richard Harden, brought flying home by a terrible fear which his daughter's letters had inspired. In all this wretched work his alert suspicion had discovered the hand of his old enemy. His daughter was missing from home, and he had gone straight in the way which his fears illuminated. And so now he stood, dripping and deathly pale, in the house of his enemy, having arrived in time to see his daughter fling the jewels from the window; and in their singular beauty he recognized the fatal instrument of his wife's destruction.

He had entered unnoticed, and he stood in silence, watching the progress of a tragedy. After throwing the rubies from the window, Evelyn tottered backward, and the Persian, aghast at what she had done, stood gazing at her a moment like a lion that has been wounded to the death. Hard, deep lines came into his face and a desperate fury surged within him.

"You have thrown away my rubies!" he gasped. "You shall follow them to the sea."

With a quickness and ferocity which Harden could not intercept, the desperate adventurer sprang upon the terrified girl, dragged her to the open window, and, despite her struggles, would have thrown her the next moment down the rampart, had not the firm grasp of a sturdy Scotch gentleman torn her from his arms. With a swimming gaze Evelyn saw two desperate men in a fierce, sharp struggle; something was hurled through the window; and then her father, alone in the great dim room with her, caught her in his arms as a sickening blackness swept over her senses.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

HORSEY GIRLS.

"Flaneur" discusses the Horse Show, with Other Gotham Gossip.

Everybody is horsey. Young ladies whom, from their appearance, you would not suspect of knowing the tail of a horse from his mane, are now experts on hocks and knee-action and geldings and gets. The dressmakers advertise costumes suitable for the hunting-field, with divided skirts, or breeches, and boots, and all manner of sporting trophies are sold in the shape of pins and knickknacks for the watch-chain. Ladies speak of their young men as being "really under fifteen hands, my dear," or as being sixteen three, which is absolutely ridiculous. Never in the whole history of fashion was millinery so thoroughly at home in the stable.

Of course the surprising success of the horse show is responsible for this. Instead of losing money, as it has done for the past ten years, it is going to have a comfortable sum in bank after all expenses and prizes are paid; the stock, which had really no value, is quoted at a premium, and wild visions are entertained of a permanent horse exhibition, which shall be a bazar that will cast Tattersall's into the shade. The horse mania, like other manias, lay dormant for years; then suddenly it broke out, and people realize that money is nothing, station is nothing, art is nothing—horses are everything. The Roman emperor who is said to have appointed his horse consul, is the type of the New Yorkers of to-day.

The animals on view at the show do certainly command admiration. There were eleven hundred and ninety-six entries, which probably represent nearly seven hundred actual horses on view. Among these are nine thoroughbred stallions—among them Lord Rosebery's Foxhall, which once belonged to Jim Keene; Candlemas and Prestonpans, both also owned in England; and a couple of fine stallions from Canada. Of the two pure Arabs, one was presented by the Sultan to General Grant; another—Accionista—is owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, of your State. The other stallions—four-year-olds, three-year-olds, two-year-olds, and yearlings—include among them some splendid animals, whose appearance vouches for their pedigree. There are thirty-three roadsters and a hundred and one hacks, each one among them being a beauty in his way. There is a chestnut among these named Cadet, for whom Mr. Cassatt, of Pennsylvania, paid fifteen thousand dollars in England, and which the sporting papers describe as a "scorcher"; and a very likely animal, named Beau Lyon—a brother of Matchless of Lonesboro, the great winner. Matchless will appear in the list of stallions exhibited with four of their get; he is pitted against Mr. Prescott Lawrence's Fashion; but Mr. Seward Webb, who owns him, feels confident he will again show that he was worth the twenty-five thousand dollars he cost. The list might be indefinitely prolonged. A young lady who was presented by her papa, or her fiancé, with the least distinguished horse in the lot, would not be an object of sympathy. It is safe to say that the show presages more broken bones at the hunts next year.

Society is engaged in splicing its *disjecta membra* for service in the coming season. There are to be so many events that every evening has two or more engagements, and it is well that the splicing should be completed before the half-music strikes up. If the Countess of Kew, of whom Lord Farintosh naively remarked that he believed she would die unless she had two or three things every night, were here, she would be perfectly contented.

Among the latest of the swell weddings is that of Mr. Benedict and Miss Coudert, the daughter of the distinguished Frenchman who is one of the best lawyers of New York and a stalwart leader of Tammany Hall. By way of compliment to the father, who did good service in the campaign, Mr. Cleveland attended the reception with his wife. But the result was hardly what was expected. The guests deserted the bride and groom to shake hands with the President-elect or to bestow a compliment on pretty Mrs. Cleveland, and the reception appeared to have been given in their honor and not in that of the married couple. The Cleverlands are very popular in high society, though Mr. McAllister hardly ventures to count them in his list. By some accident, Presidents have rarely figured in New York society. Neither the Virginia nor the Ohio dynasties had access to its sacred precincts. Arthur was a New Yorker, and, before his unexpected elevation to the Presidency, he moved in good society, though he was rather a frequenter of clubs than of ball-rooms. After he became a widower, he was never seen anywhere. General Harrison is unknown in social circles. It is said that when Martin Van Buren was President, he made an attempt to storm the citadel of fashion, but was repulsed by the old Knickerbockers; they called him a Kinderhook farmer who had not even a father. His son John—"Prince John," as he was called after he danced with Queen Victoria—succeeded in getting standing-room in some good houses; but it was only on sufferance. His morals were not immaculate and his tongue was biting. Good old General Grant and his faithful old wife never cared to go into society. He liked to gather a few friends on the balcony of his Long Branch cottage and to smoke a cigar with them, while Mrs. Grant dozed over a picture paper; but even Nellie used to say that fashion bored her. Mrs. Cleveland is the only Presidentess of modern times who has taken naturally to the ways of *le beau monde*, and who holds her own as if she had been born a queen.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 19, 1892.

A queer divorce-suit was recently pending in Tiflis. It came out in the testimony that Olga, a beautiful and well-educated girl, had died, and that her mother, in order to marry off another, but illegitimate, daughter, had used the deceased Olga's baptismal certificate and represented the other daughter to be Olga. The plaintiff does not bring any charge against his wife's character, but asks for a divorce on the ground that the woman's mother secured him for a son-in-law under false pretences.